

was no sooner gone, but the mischievous beast falls to work, scribbling over every word I had been writing, and when he had done, he lays it by in the chest, as he saw me do what I had written, and takes out another, which he does the same to, and so to half a score more; my return prevented his doing any more mischief: however, in an quarter of an hour that I was absent, he blotted out as much as I had been full six months writing. Pray, Sir, said I, how did you come by him? Did he also give himself to you? No, replied the old man, I had him young, and by mere accident, unexpected, and unfought for; having lost both time and labour about getting one in the room of him I had so unfortunately lost.

About eight years ago, which is the time I have had this beast, I was walking under one of the cluster of trees where the greenest sort of monkeys harbour, which being the largest and most shady in the island; I took most delight therein: As I was walking, at a small distance from me, this creature dropt off a tree, and lay for dead; which being of the grey kind, made me wonder less at the accident. I went, and took him up; and accidentally handling his throat, I opened his windpipe, which was almost squeezed

ed close by that which took him, my sudden coming having prevented him from being strangled quite. I was extremely well pleased at the event, by which I got what my past cares and diligence never could procure me.

Having pretty well recovered its breath, and seeing no visible hurt about it, I imagined that I soon might recover it quite; so hastened home with it, and gave it warm milk, and laid it on my bed; so that with careful nursing, I quite recovered him, and, with good keeping, made the rogue thrive to that degree, that he has out-grown the rest of his kind.

Being extremely fond of me, he very seldom would be from me, but followed me every where: And as he used to go with me when I went to examine my nets, seeing me now and then take out game, he would, of his own accord, when he saw me busy at writing, go and fetch what happened to be taken.

One day finding a fowl in the net-bag, he pulled it alive as he brought it home; so that I could not see any thing whereby to discern its kind. As soon as he came in, he set it down with such motions as expressed joy: The poor naked fowl was no sooner

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